

IN SOCIETY CIRCLES.

Numerous Weddings Prospective and Other Social Events.

A NOTABLE CHURCH WEDDING

Among the Society Events Looked Forward To—Personal Items and Minor Notes.

The week's promise of society events fills the calendar comfortably. There are thimble parties, card parties, receptions, and some minor informal affairs. Above all is the sound of wedding chimes.

Tomorrow at noon Miss Jennie Grieson and Mr. Ralph Squires will be made one at a home wedding.

At 5 o'clock at the First M. E. church, Miss Carry Bartholomew and Mr. E. A. Prescott will be married in the presence of a large concourse of friends. It is expected that this church wedding will be far and away the most fashionable event of the week. The social world is rife with curious interest over the details of this wedding at which it is reported that six flower girls and as many ushers will participate. In the evening Mrs. Prescott will entertain the ushers and a corresponding number of young lady friends.

Wednesday at noon Miss Lizzie Thompson and Mr. Willis Norton will be married at the home of the bride's mother on Western avenue.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Paul Hudson will entertain; on Wednesday, Mrs. D. L. Lakin and Mrs. L. S. Lauck will give their second thimble party; on Thursday Miss Bessie Gibson will entertain; on Friday Mrs. Eugene Quinton will give a card party; the same evening the Oxford club will dance at Library hall.

Minor Social Mention.

Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Jones, of Texas, are visiting Dr. J. C. Crawford and daughter Mrs. J. A. McPherson and daughter Fay and son Walter are visiting Mrs. McPherson's sister in Clay Center.

Dr. and Mrs. L. Brado, of Kansas City, were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. C. R. Reed yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. March and Mrs. Katie, of La Mar, Ia., are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. J. H. March, at 1212 West Sixth street.

Miss Jennie Murphy, of Lawrence, is visiting Miss Myrtle Callahan.

Miss Mary McCabe who spent Sunday at home left this morning for Lawrence. She will report the Suffrage convention at Windley on Thursday and Friday.

Mrs. J. Levi is expected home this week.

Miss Theresa Rissington left for Chicago Saturday. She will visit her sister Florence who is at school in Kenosha, Wisconsin.

Mr. Tom Fenlon, jr., and Mr. L. B. Wheat of Leavenworth are in the city.

HIS CASE TO GO HIGHER.

Gordon Will Not Go to the Penitentiary Without a Struggle.

The conviction of Swindler George Gordon in the district court late Saturday does not settle the question of his future by any means. A motion will be made for a new trial, and in case the motion is overruled the case will be appealed to the supreme court. Every effort known to criminal law will be made to free Gordon. Those who know him best say Gordon is an ordinary confidence man, but that he is "big game." His game showed him to be an expert.

Lawyer J. G. Waters says that while maybe Gordon ought to be convicted on general principles, the jury has no right to convict except on certain positive evidence. He is charged with obtaining \$35 from Henry Truener under false pretenses. But Mr. Waters secured an admission several times on the witness stand that the \$35 was a "voluntary" loan. This is a technicality, but one on which Mr. Waters says his client is entitled to an acquittal under the charge.

TWO LATE FIRES.

One Last Night and a Big One Early This Morning.

The fire record in Topeka of one alarm for every 24 hours goes merrily on, and the fire for today occurred before most people were up. The fire at 8:20 this morning was in North Topeka and did damage to the extent of \$1,000.

The fire was in the two-story residence at 121 East Curtis street owned by M. T. Campbell and occupied by Mrs. Sarah Thomas. It started from a defective fire, and after its first appearance the occupants were so engrossed in trying to save their furniture that no alarm was turned in, and the firemen at station No. 1 saw the fire before box 5 was pulled.

The damage to the house was about fifty per cent of its value, or \$500. Mrs. Thomas says she thinks the damage to the household effects will be \$500 or \$600, with no insurance.

Last Night's Fire.

The fire at 8 o'clock last night was a veritable alarm for a mysterious blaze in the office of Dr. S. G. Stewart at 621 Kansas avenue. Dr. Stewart's office boy was asleep in the room when the fire started underneath the sofa on which he was reclining. The boy doesn't smoke and there was no light in the room from which it could have started. There is no plausible explanation for the blaze. The damage was about \$15.

NEW CORPORATIONS.

Companies Organized To Do Business in Kansas Granted Charters.

The following charters have been filed with the secretary of state:

The Cherokee Coal and Zinc company of Cherokee, Capital stock \$15,000. Directors, R. M. Douglass, G. W. Fry and C. W. Humphrey of Cherokee and J. N. Kilpatrick of St. Louis.

The Colorado, Montana, Nevada and Dakota mining company filed four charters, one for each state in which it is to do business, showing a different organization in each state with a capital stock of \$10,000 in each state. Directors, H. L. Wilcox, S. H. Stephens, F. O. Patterson and George Martin of St. Louis and J. L. Packard, W. H. Bare and John B. Smart of Kansas City. The companies will have general offices in Kansas City, Kansas.

In the world of leavening agents Dr. Price's Baking Powder stands alone for perfect purity. It is the only baking powder free from all adulterations.

Rock Island
Playing Cards.
No. 601 Kans. Ave.

Athletics For Women.

In the memorial building of the Young Women's Christian association in Brooklyn is a gymnasium which was opened last season. It has been constructed to meet the needs of young women who can give only the evening hours to athletic exercise and pay only a nominal sum. In addition to the gymnasium hall, with its visitors' gallery and elevated running track, are dressing rooms, bathrooms and needle baths. For the modest sum of 5 cents any woman, whether a member or not of the gymnasium, can have a bath. The work in the gym comprises three grades—calisthenic, gymnastic and corrective. Corsets and close fitting waists are prohibited in all grades of work. Among the women well known in Brooklyn society who are generous supporters of the association are Mrs. Samuel B. Duryea, Mrs. Clark Burham, Mrs. G. H. Prentiss and Mrs. C. W. Ida.

One of the prettiest of gymnastic exercises—a new one—is that in which the line of girls moves in an elaborate arabesque or scroll, winding around in concentric circles and then unwinding to form a long line moving down the length of the room in skillfully planned curves. The music grows slower and slower until the line finally comes to a standstill, when the girls take their places for other exercises.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Training Women For Business.

A business woman's college has been just opened in London, or, to describe the excellent institution's aims more exactly, a school for the business training of women has been established. The school is mainly designed to train women for clerkships and secretarieships. They are taught shorthand, typewriting, accounts and banking in a course extending over six months. The opportunities are offered gentlemen who, suddenly thrown by financial mishap on their own resources, can catch up a profession by which to support themselves. Besides this the school accepts as pupils women who wish to learn how to keep their own books and personally manage their own independent fortunes. Then, too, women apply who have a chance for a government position and must be well up in mathematics and get through special examinations. From its graduating classes the school supplies secretaries to busy philanthropic ladies who need help in their work in the form of a capable head for figures and a neat hand at penmanship.—London Letter.

Women In the Colleges.

Colleges for women were never so full as now. Smith leads with a round 800, and Wellesley follows with a score or so less. Mount Holyoke has the largest class ever gathered in her walls and overflows into the village for lack of dormitory space, while every faculty of Vassar is taxed to the utmost. At Smith a new course in English is offered to the juniors by Professor Mary A. Jordan. "Mountain day" was celebrated by long drives and mountain climbs, and the roads in the vicinity were filled with student pedestrians. Bryn Mawr notes a gain of 40 in its list of students. Miss Thomas, formerly dean of the faculty, has assumed her position as president in place of Dr. Rhoads, whose resignation on account of ill health has been accepted reluctantly. The Mount Holyoke College Botanical garden has been an unusual success this season, and classes under Professor Hooker have made constant use of its treasures.—Home Journal.

Sex Disqualified Her.

The Cook county (Ills.) board of review decided that the name of Miss Kate Kane could not be printed as a candidate for probate judge. The petition on which Miss Kane made her application was signed by 3,175 voters of the Republican, Democratic, People's and Socialist parties, and she has been a practicing attorney for years. The decision was based on the fact that the sex of the nominee disqualified her. Judge Seales said, in reference to the action of the board, that women were not yet entitled to vote for county officers, and that a woman was not qualified to hold the position of probate judge.

Sweaters For Women.

French and English girls who play tennis and ride bicycles have been using sweaters just like men for over a year. American girls are just beginning to wear them. The sweater is knitted and fits one like the old time jersey. There are a sailor collar and deep cuffs. The colors are white trimmed with black, blue trimmed with black, black trimmed with red, and various other combinations. Girls who have been wearing men's sweaters now declare that a long felt want has been supplied, and they prefer those especially designed for them.

Petitcoat Government.

The Union Signal says with reference to Cardinal Gibbons' sermon against woman suffrage: "We are struck with the similarity between this utterance of a Roman Catholic prelate and the well known utterance of a bishop of the Methodist church. The ideal of both is woman on a pedestal, rocking the cradle and ruling the world! We wonder how many American men are ready to endorse the statement that this nation is under petitcoat government!"

Lucy L. Flower Elected.

In Springfield, the capital of Illinois, over 600 women registered, and most of them exercised their right of franchise, including Mrs. Altgeld, the wife of the governor. The election of Mrs. Lucy L. Flower, the women's candidate for trustee of the state university, is now an accomplished fact.

Eve's Makeup.

Miss Frances E. Willard, in her recent address at Cincinnati, quoted with approval the Sunday school scholar who said that Eve was made out of Adam's "backbone." No wonder Miss Willard believes in women in politics.—Outlook.

FOR WOMEN AND MEN.

OLIVE HARPER'S GOSSIP AND INCIDENTAL FASHION NOTES.

A Bit of Deception and the Remote Garment of Men—A Handsome Dressing Gown—Blue Cashmere Under the Mistletoe—The Loose Loose Strings.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—I do not believe, from my experience of the world, that any woman can remain a good, consistent Bible Christian and listen to the derogatory remarks made by her husband about the new shirts she has nearly killed herself trying to make. It takes three yards of Wamsutta muslin



DRESSING GOWN FOR GENTLEMEN.

and half a yard of linen to make the best shirt. The muslin costs 30 cents and the linen the same, and the thread and buttons may come to a nickel. It takes just three hours of rapid consecutive work, with a sewing machine to aid, to make a man's shirt. Now, shirts of this quality with staid shoulders and four ply bosoms cost from \$1.50 to \$3 apiece, according to where they are bought and also whether you have given a special order for them or not. If you do, they cost the highest price, and then the dealer goes off and picks out of a pile as many as you have ordered. If you pick them out to suit yourself, you get the same shirts at half the price.

But it is worth three times three prices to avoid the stream of unsolicited eloquence regarding the fit of a shirt that a woman may make for her husband. There is nothing about it right, though she has patiently taken apart every piece and cut and made the new one exactly like the old. But no man will ever believe it. I know one woman who has learned something in her life, and that is this: About the second time her husband's new shirts are washed she carefully rips out the little red woven trademarks and puts them by for a rainy day. Then she deftly breaks the news to him that his shirts are all worn out and he must have some, and if he wants her to she will get him a dozen. This, of course, is when they are nearly worn out and the new ones are already made and in the skillful hands of Wan Looing. He, the hubby, can't wear shop work, so he wants good, solid \$3 shirts, and she gets \$60, and the next day he gets his dozen shirts, with the red tag that convinces him they are all right.

All these reflections were made as my mind ran upon a handsome long dressing gown, which would be a very nice Christmas present and be very little work indeed in comparison with the comfort to be got out of it. Any of the pattern stores can furnish a reliable pattern for the waist measure just under the arms is given. Then, taking a coat sleeve as a guide for length, for the sleeves are not expected to fit all arms, any half clever needlewoman can make one in less than a day. Wadded and quilted lining can be bought ready made. The worst work would be sewing the cord all around, but that can be omitted. There is a thick printed wool now shown for just such purposes. The patterns are in subdued tones and make handsome lounging robes at a cost less than a third of what they would be if ready made about the holidays. If a



DORCE FAIRIE AND BLUE CASHMERE GOWNS. clever little lady wishes to reap the best possible benefit from her considerate present to her dear husband, she must never let him see it until it is done, for man is not constituted like a woman, nor is he gifted with the power of judging from a few pieces of basted up cloth what the finished garment will look like. Rather let the glory of it burst upon him at once, and be sure to put a Henry Clay Perfecto Subina in the pocket and two matches.

And then let the dear and unsophisticated wife put her pretty blue cashmere gown on the men all like blue dresses, the new one, with the gold and blue brocade under part, with pearly drappings of dark blue cashmere, and his purse becomes hers, with all it contains, as she stands with her pretty air of demure reflection over the best way to decorate the chandeliers with mistletoe.

OLIVE HARPER.

A MODERN TALE.

A Few Well Known Characters Take Part In It.

Sherlock Holmes had been seated in the drawing room but a few moments when Dodo entered.

"Ah," she said cautiously, casting a gray eye or so toward the red lamp in the corner, "you have come to tell me that—"

"I beg your pardon, madam," interrupted Holmes in his clear, incisive voice, "I have come to tell you nothing."

"What! she hissed through her clinched teeth. "Have you not arrested Lord Ormont and his Aminta, the hussy?"

"I have not."

"And why not?"

"Pembroke wouldn't have it."

"What is it to Pembroke?"

"He loves Aminta."

"And I love Lord Ormont."

"There is no news in either statement to me, madam," said Holmes coldly.

"But you told me that you loved me," she almost whispered, and there came into her eyes that look which snakes and women have when they would charm.

The cold, hard face of Sherlock Holmes grew almost soft and warm.

"Once I thought so," he replied, "but that was before I had met Trilby."

The name lingered so lovingly on his tongue that Dodo shivered. Was another to take the place in the heart of this man, who had been her willing slave, ready to do her bidding, though his own happiness paid the forfeit?

"Who is Trilby?" she asked, trying to conceal the rising storm within her.

"She is a Bachelor Maid of my acquaintance," he answered, with a sneering smile.

"I thought you were writing to Rosina!" she sneered back at him.

Sherlock Holmes rose to his feet and looked at the woman defiantly.

"And if I were?" he said. "Were't you also stuck on Mischief Clarke?"

She smiled in that cruel, imperious way of hers he knew so well and had suffered so long.

"Perhaps," she said, "but it was merely a case of Love in Illness when you were away trying to wreak my vengeance on Aminta in order that I might get a chance at Lord Ormont. You poor fool, you thought it was you I loved, didn't you?"

He had never until that moment seen Dodo in her true light, and the color thrown upon her by the red lamp was of appropriate hue.

"You are a Beautiful Wretch," he said.

"And you are one of The Heavenly Twins," she laughed—like a devil, he thought.

"I am going, madam," he said, starting toward the door.

"Put A Yellow Aster in your button-hole as a memento," she responded, handing him the flower.

"Going to meet Trilby," he concluded as he passed out of the room.

As the door closed on him forever Dodo put on a Lilac Sunbonnet and ascended to an upper window, where she could see him standing alone on the shore watching the Ships That Pass in the Night.

But Sherlock Holmes could not arrest their motion, although he could detect their outlines through the shadows of the night. He had reached the limit of his power, and Dodo laughed and went down stairs to meet Robert Elanore.

Dodo was a daisy.—Detroit Free Press.

A Domestic Tragedy.

There was sorrow in that little home.

"I shall never forgive him. Never!"

Never!" she cried.

Then she threw herself upon a divan and wept bitterly. There was a ring at the doorbell.

"Ah, my dear mother, it is you!" she exclaimed as a woman of commanding presence entered the room.

"It is I," was the answer.

"Why do I find you weeping?"

"I have been cruelly treated by the man whom I had trusted—the man whom we led—"

"How he struck you?"

"Worse."

"Deceived you? Left you to face poverty alone?"

"Worse. He—he asked me to mend his trousers."

"And you?"

"I refused. And now—oh, horrors!—I cannot let it."

"Speak, my child, speak."

"He has worn my bicycle bloomers down to his office."

"Wretch!"—Life.

Understood His Business.

Fair Suffrage—Doctors are corns always caused by wearing shoes that are too tight.

Chiropractic—Not always, ma'am. That's what causes 'em in the case of your friend, Miss Higgins, across the way. Her feet was made to fit a No. 5 shoe, and she's trying to crowd 'em into a No. 4.

Yours, ma'am, is produced by wearing too large a shoe, which makes wrinkles in the leather and causes friction agin the cuticle.—Chicago Tribune.

In Deep.

"I hear that Jigson holds quite a responsible position, and that he is financially interested in the concern he is with."

"Yes. They owe him six months' salary."—Tit-Bits.

Could Afford It.

First Physician—Is this a case that demands a consultation?

Second Physician—I think it is. The patient is extremely rich.—New York World.

It Was Chilly.

Jinks (entering)—Hello, old man! You look blue. What's up?

Binks (gloomily)—Coal.—New York Weekly.

His Opinion.

"Well, how kind you are! Of course I shall enjoy them ever so much."

"Two hours later John comes home and finds his wife wearing a look on her face as threatening as a cyclone stormcloud."

"That must have been a fine time you had on your trip!"

"Certainly. Haven't I been telling you about it till my tongue almost won't wag any more?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! I'm on to you!"

"Why, Lottie, dear?"

"Don't you 'Lottie, dear,' me! I know just what kind of a time you have had, and I've got it black on white too. Oh, yes, you needn't look so innocent."

"Why, Lottie, I told you about all the places we went to and all the people we met."

"Yes, and who is this woman with you who—"

"That? Why that is Jack's sister. I merely forgot."

"Oh, yes, you can't work that on me. There, how tenderly you help her across the stile, there eating from the same lunch basket, and there even actually holding her in your arms! You miserable!"

Young Tuttle—Has your father ever spoken of me, Miss Clara?

Miss Pinkerly—Oh, yes, Mr. Tuttle. He said only the other day he thought you ought to get married.—Brooklyn Life.

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A VERY ELEGANT GOWN.

The figure represented is of mode grosgrain silk. The skirt plain but trimmed with pointed laps of rich green plush. The corsage is basque shape in the back, cut in points in front and draped with the silk. Over this are shantung straps. The sleeves are balloon puffs, with silk forearms. This model was varied in another instance by employing two shades of brown velvet as trimming.

SNAP SHOTS.

They had been chums at college, and they called each other John and Jack respectively.

"Jack, you ought to get married."

"Not by a jug full. Do you think I'll give up my independence?"

"Plague take your independence! Don't I enjoy as much of it as you do? I tell you—"

"What you have told me a thousand times before!"

"Jack, what do you have against the women anyhow?"

"Oh, guess I know a thing or two about them, and they're all alike."

"You're cranky. Look here, take my own case."

"Yes, even your own case."

"Jack, what do you mean?"

"That your wife."

"You don't know anything about her. You've only seen her once or twice."

"Don't matter. She is handsome, intelligent, clever, yet for all that—"

"Well?"

"As jealous as—"

"Jack, you're joking. Why, I've been married five years and have two!"

"Don't care if you have a dozen. She's jealous, and I can prove it to you in less than a week."

"Ridiculous."